

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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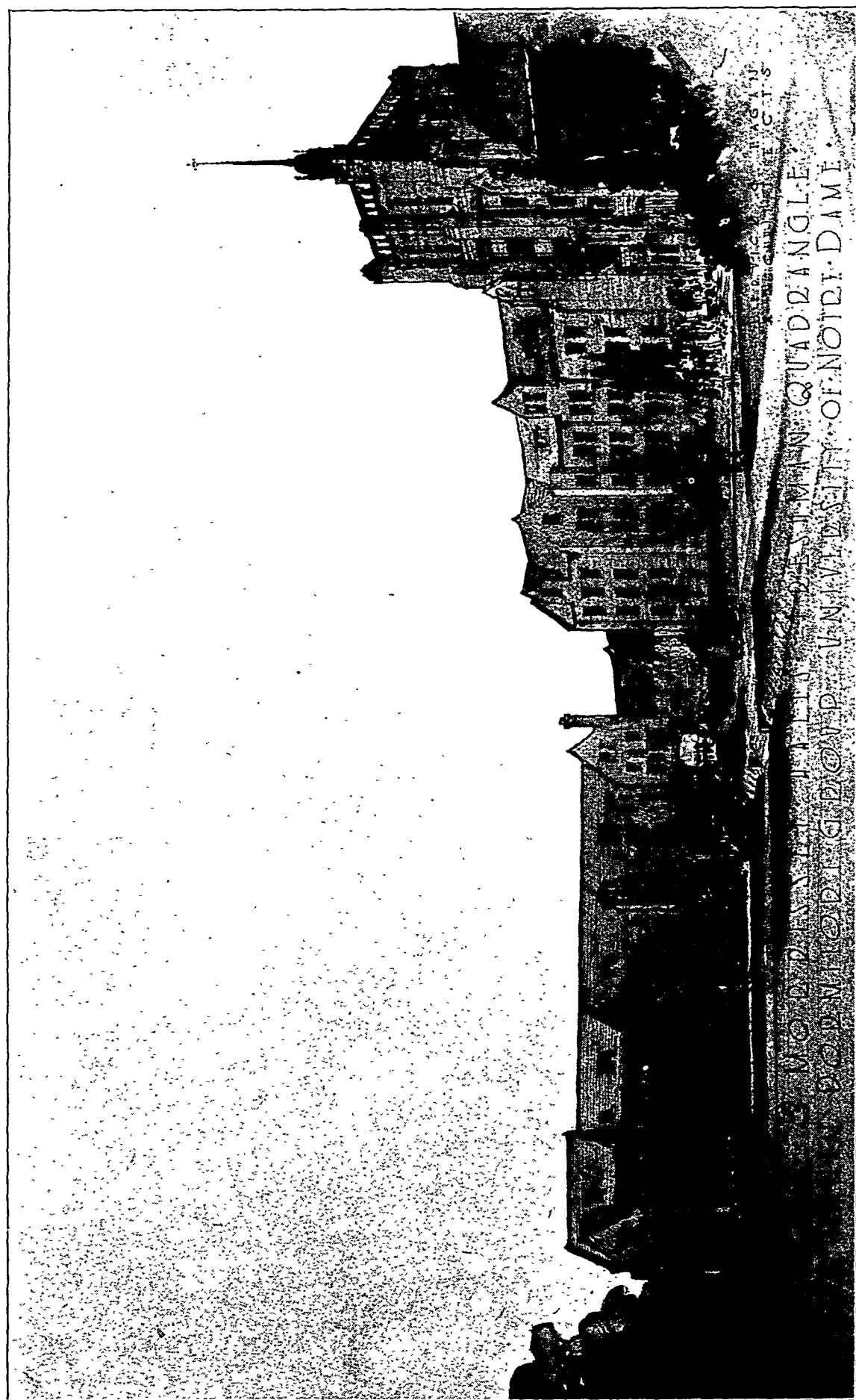
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THE WEEK

The Gentleman With the Abstracted Air has been wandering over the campus last week. Mr. Lester Grady is one of his incarnations. Mr. John Q. Athlete is another. Mr. Albert Doyle is a third. The first meditates on the perils of directing, the second on the difficulties of acting, dancing, singing and being foolish; the third wonders how on earth he is going to make up a troop of several scores of actors without investing more than the amount of the anticipated net profits. They are weighty problems, and the men responsible for the Absurdities of this current year have lately been mulling them over. Hence the abstracted air. How successfully they have solved them we dare not say. Go and see the Absurdities tonight (if you didn't go last night) and bring in your own verdict.

A complete quietus was put upon club activities this week. Reason: every club had one or more officers, not to speak of members, rehearsing one or more parts for the Great Spring Production advertised above. Consequently there have been no meetings, for no one save Mr. Harry McGuire has been able to perfect the technique of participating in three simultaneous events on this campus. The Engineers tried to break the jinx with an assembly Wednesday night but . . .

Equally sad has been the fate of the debaters. Turn to the black-bordered news story a few pages further in and read the tale of the Trip That Told. Of course, the justification of debating is not to be sought in an imposing record of victories but a few here and there do have a way of helping. And it's almost time for the posing of that time honored Debaters' Dome Picture! Tradition demands that in that picture the debaters look triumphant though rumped: the latter will probably receive the full weight of the loud pedal this year. But a few contests still remain!

To continue the note of striving (contests, etc.) — there was an all-day affair in the Gym last Sunday. A large number of excited spectators watched a smaller but more excited group of performers who ran very fast and jumped very high and breathed very hard. When the cinder had been extracted from the last tearful eye Mr. Spectator made the discovery that Freshman Hall had won the annual Interhall Track Meet. In the rush of explanations that followed we could find no one to listen to our analysis. So we put it down here. Freshman Hall should win, must win, couldn't help but win. It is closer to the Gym than any other hall: its athletes can consequently practice with proportionately less difficulty, less fatigue, and less brain-fag than can the representatives of any other campus hostelry. Simple when it's figured out.

Another contest — the *Dome* snapshot business — has also ended. Mr. D. K. Nightingale is announced as the winner, he having produced the largest and most astounding group of local pictures. Strange to say, Mr. Nightingale's entries are *not* portraits of his Public Speaking pupils in Leland Powers poses with right foot advanced eight inches from left instep. A fertile field has been overlooked . . . Mr. W. W. Smth, in the intervals of prize-giving, has been devoting himself to accosting people in queer places and demanding a list of their clubs' officers. Evidently the activities of the year are to be mentioned in the *Dome* — between the snapshots, possibly.

St. Patrick's Day came and finally went. Mr. James Armstrong, our illustrious predecessor, startled his friends by becoming an after-luncheon speaker. We follow no further. Some people are working up an enthusiasm for baseball — to be played on skates, probably. *Pan* and Kreisler came and aroused interest: one stayed. — J.A.W.

UNIVERSITY BENEFACTOR DIES

Alexander Staples, nationally noted engineer who placed the "big bell" in the tower of the Sacred Heart Church, and who raised the statue of the Blessed Virgin to the Dome of the Main Building, died at his home in South Bend last Friday, March 12. Mr. Staples was born in South Bend in 1840. His parents, one of whom was a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, had traveled by ox team from Maine to this part of the country. After serving in the army during the Civil War, Mr. Staples entered the engineering business. Here he won fame throughout the nation by his skillful achievements. One of his greatest accomplishments was the placing in position of the stand-pipe for the South Bend water works, in 1873. The pipe was five feet in diameter, two hundred feet high, and weighed more than 43,000 pounds. It had been declared an impossible feat by many engineers, but was accomplished by Mr. Staples with a tackle he made himself.

In 1876 Mr. Staples placed the six-ton bell in the tower of the Sacred Heart Church at Notre Dame, 120 feet above the ground. The huge bell was made by Messrs. Bolee in LeMans, France, one of the leading foundries in Europe. It had been brought into the United States, exempt from custom tax by a special act of Congress. The dedication to the Immaculate Conception, and the names of the donors were cast on the exterior surface of the bell.

Mr. Staples also raised the Statue of the Blessed Virgin to its place on the Dome of the Main Building in 1883, where it was secured, amid the ringing of bells in the nearby Church. The statue, made by Giovanni Mali, of Chicago, was a gift to Notre Dame from the graduates of St. Mary's Academy. This statue, standing 16 feet high, and weighing over 4,400 pounds, was raised to its present resting place, 170 feet high, after two days of labor. Thus Notre Dame feels great regret at the passing of one so closely connected with her history.—F.J.P.

Robert Emmett Gallagher, Class of '22, is to be ordained in Cathedral Chapel in Toledo, Saturday, March 20.

ORDER INVITATIONS AT ONCE

The time for ordering commencement invitations has been extended to next Wednesday, March 24 according to the announcement made yesterday by Paul J. Fleming, chairman of the Invitations Committee of the Senior Class. Wednesday will positively be the last day, however; after that invitation-seeking Seniors will be out in the cold.

A further announcement from senior class headquarters says that every Senior who expects to go to the Ball, premier social function of the year, must make either partial or full payment on his ticket by Tuesday, April 20. In the case of partial payment, at least \$8.00 of the \$12.50 must be deposited by then. This ruling is necessary in order that the correct number of favors may be ordered.

With the publication of the baseball schedule this week, it became known that the chief athletic attraction in connection with the Ball will be the game with Iowa on Saturday afternoon, May 15. Aside from this, no extra-Ball activity has so far been definitely arranged.

Though several famous recording orchestras are being considered, one of which will eventually be engaged, no music for the Ball has been decided upon.

FATHER CARROLL SPEAKS

Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C., English professor in the University, gave the principal address at the annual banquet of the Ancient Order of Hibernians Tuesday night. The subject of the speech was the famous Easter Monday uprising that took place in Ireland during the War. Dr. John M. Cooney, Director of the School of Journalism, acted as toastmaster.

James Armstrong, Secretary of the Alumni Association and Director of the Notre Dame News Bureau, spoke last Tuesday on the Notre Dame *Alumnus* at the weekly luncheon of the Exchange Club of Niles, Michigan.

DEBATERS LOSE AGAIN

After a four-day trip, during which two debates were contested, the Notre Dame affirmative debating team, composed of Victor Lemmer, William Craig, John Griffin and David Stanton, returned to the University Sunday.

Dayton University's controversialists and Notre Dame clashed at Dayton, Ohio, Thursday, March 11. Notre Dame was defeated by a vote of 2 to 1 of the local judges. Earlham was met the following night at Richmond, Indiana, and again Notre Dame lost, the decision being awarded to the Earlham team by Judge Edgar G. Frazier. The members of the Earlham trio are Ellis Satterwaite, Wendell Stanley and Earle Carr. Mr. Carr's speaking was especially effective. Mayor Lawrence A. Handley, of Richmond, presided at the debate.

The affirmative team of Franklin College, Indiana, defeated the Notre Dame negative, composed of John Daily, Joseph McNamara, William Coyne in Washington Hall last Friday evening. Rev. George Finnigan, Vice-President of the University, presided, and Judge Royal E. Montgomery, of Chicago University, awarded the decision. The Franklin debaters were Gerald Quick, Emri Sites and Ralph Miller.

NIGHTINGALE WINS PRIZE

The prize for the biggest and best snapshot collection handed into the *Dome* has been won by Professor D. K. Nightingale of the Department of Public Speaking. Frank David, of Badin Hall, ran a close second with a fine collection of campus views. The prize for first place is a *Dome* of '26.

Work on the *Dome* is progressing favorably. Practically all of the engraving copy has been sent in, and the various sections are going to press as fast as the forms are ready.

Splendid art work is being done by George Krispinski, ably assisted by Jorge Palomino. The Satire section, recently completed, has been very well handled by Terence Donahue, and should be a feature of the new *Dome*.

CLOSE PIN ORDERS MARCH 29

No senior pins will be delivered this year to those Juniors who do not place their order on or before Monday, March 29. This is the word which came yesterday from Marc Fiehrer, chairman of the Pin Committee of the Junior class. Mr. Fiehrer urges all those men of '27 who desire pins and have not ordered them to see Russell Voyer, Frank McKinley or himself at once.

PICTURES ON SALE

Pictures of the championship basketball team were placed on sale in 2 Sorin, 104 Sorin, in the Cafeteria and at the news stand in the Main Building last week. Unmounted they are selling for fifty cents each and mounted, for seventy-five cents. Included in the group photographed are the 14 men who comprised the squad, Coach George Keogan and Student Manager Charles A. Mooney.

PRIZES FOR ESSAYS

Professor Charles Phillips, who is a member of the National Council of the Kosciuszko Foundation, an association formed to promote exchange professorships and memorial scholarships between America and Poland, has announced that the Foundation is opening a students' essay contest in which Notre Dame men are invited to participate. Two prizes, one of \$100 and one of \$50, are offered for the best undergraduate essay on the topic, "Kosciuszko's Part in the American Revolution." Essays may not be over two thousand words, must be typewritten, and must be in the hands of the secretary of the Foundation by June 1. The Secretary is Professor Stephen P. Mizwa, 953 Third Avenue, New York City. Students should consult Father Ryan, Head of the History Department, if they wish to enter the contest.

Students of Sorin Hall have redecorated the main altar in the Sorin chapel and have added a reredos to it. This altar was donated by the students of 1901-02.

EXAMS TO BEGIN MONDAY

Director of Studies, Rev. Leigh G. Hubbell, has announced that the third-quarter examinations will begin on Monday, March 22, and will last until March 31. These examinations will be brief, as were those of the first quarter; most of them will be covered in single class periods. Class work will be of greater importance this quarter than previously.

Students on probation may obtain information on their scholastic standing at the Director of Studies office on March 30. They are advised not to leave the University until after they have done so, as some of those on the probation list may be requested not to return after Easter.

Vacation will begin at noon Wednesday, March 31, and classes will resume at 1:15 on Wednesday, April 7. Double cuts will be given for absences on March 30, 31, April 7 and 8.

Father Hubbell also announces that students interested in the Summer Session may obtain catalogs by applying at his office. The regular University catalog will probably be produced sometime in late April.

DRAMATIC CLASS HEARS REVIEWS

The Thursday evening meetings of the class in dramatic production are being devoted to reviews and discussions of plays by the class members. Edward Burke began last week's program with a personal review of "What Price Glory?" This play has been the center of so much discussion that a review of its plot was intensely interesting. William Butler Yeats' one-act play "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was then reviewed by Frank Connolly and William Coyne. Mr. Connolly told the life of the author, of the revival of the drama by the Irish Theater movement, and of the plot and background of the play. Mr. Coyne diagramed the stage setting, and discussed the play from the production viewpoint. Practically all the members of the class have decided to attend the series of plays at the Oliver this week end. A trip to the Oliver and Palace theaters to study backstage production has been arranged by Professor Kelly.

MARCH PAN IS OUT

If you feel that you would like to get a number of *Pan* to keep for yourself, to put away somewhere so that on state occasions you could bring it out and show it to your friends as being characteristic of a real poetry magazine, then get the March issue! And keep it! It arrived on our fair campus last week during snow flurries.

Pan is full of good things. On the cover, two local writers, Father Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C., and Paul Harrington, are featured. If you prefer poetry to prose, you will turn immediately to Father O'Donnell's poem and if you are intrigued by the title of Paul Harrington's essay, you'll turn to it.

When you read Father O'Donnell's poem, "Shalott," you will utter only a reflex "gosh!" Further words will fail you. And if you want to get over the bar safely and without trusting yourself to a slender bamboo pole, read Paul Harrington's "The Vaulter." He takes you in the air further than any thirteen feet!

Other representatives of Notre Dame in March's *Pan* are Jerry Holland, '25, who for the duration of eight lines, takes off his glasses, wipes them and sings a "Romance For G Minor." Professor Phillips appears throughout the issue. We're out of laudatory praise for him, too. There's a book review by Francis Collins Miller concerning Arthur Crew Inman's, "American Silhouettes."

And the O'Neills deserve a paragraph for themselves. Denny and his sister, Gerry, appear in the "Chansons d'Amour" section. Denny says in his title, "I Shall Not Press My Suit." Beneath the title he says a lot more. Four pages later, Gerry, in poetry about "Inconsistancy" begins, "A star fell in love with a flower," and then tells delightfully the story of the romance.

Were there space, we could continue indefinitely. For instance, there is "An Afternoon In An Armchair," "A Love Letter," and "To The Son I Never Had." Just read over the table of contents to find out what's good in the March *Pan*. —J.F.O'D.

A faint heart never won a lady or paid alimony.—W.J.T.

BOOMS AND BELLS

Booms and bells! Ovations and orations! Greetings and meetings! Those are a few of the things that occurred here at Notre Dame on the St. Joseph's day of 1850. Exactly—wait 'til some rapid subtraction is done—exactly seventy-six years ago.

The story of "A day long to be remembered at the University of Notre Dame du Lac," was told by "Laius Catholicus," a Catholic layman, on the editorial page of the *Catholic Telegraph and Advocate* of Cincinnati, Ohio. It appeared in the issue of April 6, 1850.

It tells that the Bishop of Detroit had been over at St. Joseph, Michigan, to see the new church which "had been erected by the priests of the Holy Cross; and on the evening of the 18th, he arrived at the college escorted by the Rev. Father Cointet, one of the Society's devoted and laborious missionaries."

It is best to let "Laius Catholicus" tell what happened after the visitor passed the fields from which Roseland grew: "The Bishop was met on the road by the entire body of the inmates of the house; the college bells rang a merry peal of welcome and gratulation; the evening sun after a sombre and gloomy day, was throwing a mild and cheerful radiance over the scene; and a newly-formed corps of riflemen, composed of the senior students of the university, made the adjacent forests echo with the sharp crack of fire-arms, as the amiable and gifted Prelate alighted from his carriage."

Bells and booms met the following day, the feast of St. Joseph. Cannons coughed and "the soft and clear tones of the sweet French Bells of the college and Novitiate" combined to make the day's beginning audible. One Dr. Palmer, then a recent convert, was confirmed by the Bishop. And following that a solemn pontifical mass was celebrated. During the mass, two members of the Seminary were presented for Deaconship and another for Sub-Deaconship. Following which there was solemn vespers.

At three in the afternoon there was a "literary festivity in honor of St. Joseph." The visiting Bishop presided and a Seminar-

ian opened the entertainment with a Latin Oration, "De necessitate connectionis sapientiae verae et religionis." In other words, it was all about the necessity of a connection between true wisdom and religion. To get away from the Latin someone gave another oration; this one in German. Four more orations followed, "one or two of which nearly convulsed the audience with genuine Homeric laughter; and that on Music by Master John Bracken, of Niles, brought down long and continued applause." The afternoon's entertainment was terminated "with several experiments in chemistry, and an address by a member of the Faculty on the Idolatry of Intellect."

That evening, a time was "devoted to the reception of three postulants as novices, and the emission of two solemn vows." Finally, the Bishop gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; "and just as he was taking the ostensorium into his hands, a bright flash lighted up the church and the heavy booming report of artillery fell upon the ear."

There's "the good ole days" for you! A senior rifle corps, Latin and German oratory, Homeric laughter—most everything that the mind could desire. If only they knew that seventy-six years from then some of their descendants would "cut" classes to attend the bill at the Palace!—J.F.O'D.

MARCH ALUMNUS OUT

The March *Alumnus* containing the plans for "Universal Notre Dame Night" will be out by tomorrow, James Armstrong '25, the editor, has announced. On Wednesday, April 21, all alumni clubs will have special programs for the evening, and there will be meetings of the alumni in those cities in which no clubs have been organized. Official notices were sent out to the officers of the various local clubs this week.

Several articles will be devoted to the action taken on important matters at the recent meeting of the Alumni Board. There will also be an article on the Laetare Medalist, Edward N. Hurley, who is a member of the Board of Lay Trustees of the University.

The early bird has to shake the furnace.
—F.J.B.

Campus Comment

The SCHOLASTIC invites communications for this department. It will not be responsible for any views contained in these communications, however, nor will it consider for publication any letter not signed, in evidence of good faith, with the writer's name and address. Anonymity in print will be preserved if the writer desires.

o o o

Editor, the SCHOLASTIC:

It is with considerable self-satisfaction and a bit of egotism that the average Notre Dame student announces for all the planetary system to hear, "Notre Dame is the home of democracy." In newspaper articles, in stump speeches, in "rec rooms," everywhere, Notre Dame is advertised as the truly democratic university. That is taken as an absolutely irrefutable, obvious fact, needing no defense. And the gullible "one-a-minute" portion which comprises nine-tenths of the world swallows the tale hock, line and sinker.

Perhaps Notre Dame was at one time a democratic university. Let us hope that it soon again will be a democratic university. But at the present time Notre Dame strikes the writer as being anything but democratic—in fact, as being thoroughly undemocratic.

Notre Dame is called democratic because here a man may appear in public in corduroys, in hobnails, in trousers badly ripped and frayed, in battered hat or hatless—in fact, in any sort of tramp costume, and be "a man for a' that." Notre Dame men frown upon other universities because they encourage the reprehensible custom of appearing neat.

Now all this is very well. But did it ever occur to the supporters of Notre Dame democracy that the game works two ways? Did it ever occur to them that here at Notre Dame the man who desires to dress in style other than that of a lumberjack is taboo? Did they ever stop to think that the ripped-trousers element has become predominant to such a degree that anyone who desires to dress otherwise is considered quite impossible. Did they ever realize that true democracy would require that every man, however

dressed—in the height of style or in the roughest of corduroys—would be "a man for a' that" until proved otherwise? Is a clean shirt necessarily a reflection upon the manly qualities of the heart which it conceals?

There is no democracy where anyone or any group is eyed askance for exterior, non-sensical reasons. And Notre Dame's vaunted democracy will remain a newspaperman's dream until the fellow who combs his hair and chews gum is given the same chance as the guy who doesn't and chews tobacco. Ripped trousers and unshaven jaws are all right—we like to see them; but if someone wants to use needle and razor occasionally that's his privilege. And if anyone wants to take a chance on wearing oxfords across the campus on a muddy day, it's his business. We venture to say that he probably isn't much less than a he-man if he dares to do such heroic things. He ought to get a medal!

—A SOPHOMORE.

WIN CREIGHTON DEBATE

Defending the negative of the question "Resolved, that the proposed twentieth amendment to the constitution of the United States be ratified," the negative debating team of Notre Dame, composed of William Coyne, James Roy and William Krieg, signalized the evening of St. Patrick's Day by defeating the Creighton University affirmative team, made up of J. Stewart Neary, Frank Fogarty and Thomas Russell. The debate was hotly contested throughout.

In awarding the decision to Notre Dame, the judge, Professor Howard Berolzheimer, coach of the Northwestern University debating teams, commended both sides upon their facility. Professor "Pat" Manion, of the Hoynes College of Law, who presided, injected good humor into the affair by his impromptu remarks.

For Notre Dame, William Coyne's fiery delivery and excellent handling of his points was outstanding, and the rebuttal of James Roy deserves special notice. Fogarty, for his exceptional display of logic, and Neary, for his fine delivery, stood out on the Creighton team.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

"The Absurdities of 1926," the annual Monogram Club production was given for the first time last night in Washington Hall. Another performance will be given tonight and a third tomorrow night.

This year's production comes nearer to being a true Notre Dame revue than anything given previously on the campus. Several of the skits show real genius for ferreting out the comical incidents in life at Notre Dame, with the result that the show is one which every student should see and which every student will like.

We were present at the dress rehearsal in order that this page might be ready for this issue. Consequently if we praise any acts which were left out when the actual production came around—blame the producers.

Of the whole roster of numbers, we select as the best these two: the one set around the telephone booth in the Main Building; and the one about the ardent young scholar who would study despite temptations of all kinds. The telephone skit, given by Frank Crowley, John Wallace, John McMullen and Chris Flanagan, was one of the most perfect transcriptions of Notre Dame life we have seen. Frank Crowley deserves to be starred for his performance in this act alone; his co-actors were good, but Crowley's naturalness won the day.

The other skit, which could be called "From Studies to Suicide" was a delightful portrayal of the pitfalls which beset the youth who attempts to gain the education he came to Notre Dame to acquire. We place it second only to the telephone bit.

An Indian rescue was accomplished by the Pacific Coast Club (does that organization include the California Club now, we wonder?) and Charley Ox was restored to Tom Leib's arms, and the beautiful Minnegiggle, thrillingly portrayed by John McMullen, to the arms of her beloved husband.

Joe Prelli and John Butler sang original songs, written by Breig and Reitz, successors to Labedz and Engels, and they were good too. A youth danced an eccentric dance

which was new and different, as was the youth (we couldn't find out his name, but we promise to mention it later).

Vince McNally charmed all with his girlish ingenuousness as the shrinking violet with the radio-mad father. Chris Flanagan and Gene Edwards were the other angles of the triangle.

John McManmon sings "The Burial of Floyd Collins" at intervals during the show and, for the first time, the song (if song it is) is actually interesting. Vive McManmon! Perish Vernon Dalhart.

If we've forgotten any of the acts, you'll have to forgive us; the program isn't at hand yet. We promise to do right by the neglected ones next time.

A final word: See "The Absurdities of 1926" if you want a good laugh.—A. L. M.

Fritz Kreisler, the greatest violinist of the world, gave to a numerous South Bend audience a wonderful concert last Friday evening. His program was executed with a marvelous technique and an incomparable interpretation.

The colossal Kreutzer Sonata by Beethoven (that no wonder inspired such a man as Tolstoi) was his first number and as Dr. Becker said in his criticism in the South Bend *News-Times*, "it was played in an overwhelming manner." And it was in my opinion, too, the best number in the concert. A Concerto with four movements by Vieuxtemps was the second number, another marvel of musicianship and song. Schubert's "Ave Maria," two Russian songs, the "Volga Boat Song" and "A Russian Hymn" by Kreisler, after being splendidly played were followed by "Tschaikowsky's Humoresque," a piece of Debussy's "The Dancing Doll" by Poldini and a beautiful "Hungarian Fantasy" by Hubay.

Carl Lamson played the piano with great technique and interpretation, although, as I noticed, he was a little upset because of the attitude of some noisy vandals that indeed did not belong to the audience of such an artist.

—JORGE PALOMINO.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

Two boxes of roses will be given by George E. Foster, one to the sorority and one to the co-operative club of the University of Kansas, which has the largest attendance next Sunday morning at the university women's class of the Christian church. The class is having an attendance contest with the university class of the Christian church in Manhattan, Kansas. Attendance of each person counts one point. Undoubtedly the sermons will be sung to strains of "Moonlight and Roses."

Do the college students say that they work all of the time and have time to do nothing else? According to the following account taken of the amount of time that anyone works, it would seem that there has been a grave mistake. There are 365 days in the year. You sleep eight hours each day—unless you live in Sophomore where they force an extra hour with the light rule—making 112 days, which subtracted from 365 days leaves 253. There are eight hours for recreation each day, also making 112 days, leaving 141. Then take off 52 Sundays leaving the balance of 89 days. The college does not work on Saturday afternoon, making 52 half holidays or 26 days, with your balance 63. Subtract the lunch hour each day, making 16 days and we find 47 days for work. Pardon, two weeks vacation each year leaves only 15 days. Then there are 12 legal holidays—with one day to work. And that is good Friday, usually observed as a holiday. Ring Lardner says, "Them hrs. left for college work ain't nothing."

Bluffing among students at Indiana University is more prevalent among Sophomores and Juniors and among women, according to the opinions of several professors. The student as a Freshman is usually earnest in his work, but by the time he is a Sophomore he has a tendency to try "to put one over" on the professors. "I believe that about ten per cent attempt to 'get by' in my classes. They tell me they just dote on my courses.

Men and women are equally guilty of this," said Professor T. E. Nicholson. Professor Thompson remarks, "The technique of the two sexes is very different. Women usually sit in the front row to impress us with their earnestness in the work." Gentlemen to the front.

Professor W. J. Newlin, of Amherst, in his talk before the American Association of College Professors at Chicago, states that football is first in the hearts of college men. Mathematics and other studies are secondary considerations, and often appear out of the running. Some people are born critics, others acquire it, and some have it thrust upon them.

One of the professors at the University of Wisconsin asks the members of his classes to send him unsigned letters criticising his course. . . . Because the dining hall officials at Yale University wished to cut down the size of the orchestra, which is composed of students, the freshman class staged a sympathetic demonstration which involved a smashing of a great part of the dining hall equipment and the temporary seizure by the Frosh of trolley cars and automobiles. No demonstrations for Notre Dame; no orchestra. As Father Bolger would say, "quite obviously, gentlemen." . . . Austin college has begun the practice of having the professors make social calls on the students. They claim that if the members of the faculty see their students only in the classroom they never really know or understand them. . . . Randolph-Macon is the only college in the South that allows the coach to appoint captains. . . . The University of Oregon has a walk known as "Hello Walk," where everybody speaks to everyone else. All the walks at Notre Dame should be "Hello Walks." The question: are they? Vale!—J.T.C.

Albert Doyle, the guest of the Mishawaka Masque Club last Monday evening, gave a review of John Galsworthy's "The Silver Box."

THE STAFF

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**Biste Quasi Semper Victurus
Vine Quasi Cras Moriturus**

ENGINEERING AND THE RAILROADS

Not much attention is ordinarily paid to the schools of engineering in our colleges, from the point of view of educators, public speakers and the like. The liberal arts, the fine arts, and law bespeak most of their comment. Perhaps it is because the engineering courses are highly technical and therefore not of general interest that they are thus passed by. At all events, the important part that engineering plays in national development, and the relation of the universities to engineering is not generally realized.

This fact was well brought out recently by E. W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific railroad, in an address before the Railroad Engineering Association at its annual dinner in Chicago. He declared that Canada's great expansion of late years was due largely to the 12,000 men holding engineering positions in that country. These men for the most part were college-trained. In that regard, the engineering schools have been of great value, according to Mr. Beatty, but they fail in one important direction,—they do not devote enough attention in their curricula to railroad engineering, economics and problems of transportation. "The situation is such" said Mr. Beatty, "that railroad men may have to bring pressure to bear on

the engineering schools of the universities . . so that they give proper attention to engineering economics and business education." This is necessary, if we are to believe Mr. Beatty, because "the operating success of the nation's future railroad system is dependent upon the coöperation it receives from American colleges."

These statements from an executive who should know the situation are especially interesting in this day of fevered education and stadium-built universities. They show that our colleges are far from being the perfect organizations that some educators would have us believe, and that the field is vast for the work of the technical graduate. At the very least, Mr. Beatty's statements contain facts which should merit solid consideration from those who direct America's engineering schools.

Silence is an excellent companion for ignorance.—W.J.R.

Success cannot be measured by the number of servants in attendance.—L.L.L.

He who straddles the fence makes no hay in either field.—W.J.R.

Leaves, though they be fallen, are leaves none the less.—J.A.N.

He who is always telling what he knows has no time to learn anything new.—F.J.M.

The Nickel-Grabber

ROBERT P. FOGERTY, '28

TOBY BARTER fumbled for the saucer with his drained coffee-cup. His stone-gray eyes stared without focus from under rough brows. Queerly, Toby was reminiscing. And, what was still more odd—for Toby—a wince, as though of pain, slowly drew down the corners of his eyes.

The old heart-wound lay unhealed; it was as fresh now as on that one dread Sunday, although fourteen years had passed since then. The awful moments of that morning renewed themselves in mental cinema. Toby faded from the present.

He was standing again at the foot of the stairs in the old home, calling for his older brothers to waken. The door-bell whirled and, turning, he saw a tall, solemn figure at the parlor door. Half a dozen people were coming up the steps carrying something white—very tenderly. Was it—? Another group was carrying something like it. They were—.

"My God!" Toby's breath was gone.

He rushed toward the now open door. The tall, black figure caught him.

"Buck up, Toby," said the man; "Your Pa and Ma didn't get to church this morning. A drunk fool in a auto."

The rest was a blur.

Toby rose abruptly, locked his hands behind him, and strode up and down. In a moment, he was down in the chair once more, leaning on the table. A tear eased from his eye and fled along the jagged channel of a crease to his stubborn chin. He shook his head to break the chain of thought; but irrepressibly there came other pictures, now from his youth. The stern plainness of his mother and the unsparing thrift of his father, once thought of with repugnance, were glorified by emulous admiration. Toby's thin lips wreathed stiffly in yearning.

And his brothers. The wreath became a full, acrimonious curl. Stringy eyelashes sank low, and a fist made the few dishes clatter on the bare table.

His brothers! Yes, he could remember them; plodding in, grimy, from the tin mills, just about the time Toby came home from his father's store.

"Damn curs!" The words dropped like grit.

They had forced Toby to sell all the pieces of farm land their father's pinched saving had bought, for they were drunk with the hope of escaping the deadening drudgery of the mills. The youngest brother *could* forgive them for that. But the flowers still lay drooping on the clay mounds when they started a swirl of spending. That was like salt biting the proud-flesh of Toby's heart; and that was why the old wound never healed.

Toby had cursed his brothers horribly;—he recalled it with satisfaction—; and delaying not a moment longer than necessary, he sold every splinter that remained—the old home, the store, all save two pictures and half a dozen trinkets. Then he broke away.

He had never seen his brothers since that day; he *would* never see them again. If they came to his door, he would treat them as he treated all beggars.

Toby's features, puckered now as though he had taken quinine, were but the symbol of an embitterment that was fixed in his being. The die of circumstances had stamped a character.

At the depth of his bitterness, Toby struck a vein of exultation, and it surged up through him like the black oil of a gusher. His blunt hands clasped and rubbed each other as though between them he pressed hoarded money.

He had carried forward what his father had left him,—a shrewd, cold talent for business. He was successful;—not as firmly set as the older business houses of the town in which he had settled after some years of wandering, but he could look forward to a few years hence. Toby Barter was losing no opportunity. Skillfully, he

baited customers with sales, just enough to keep them on edge. This very morning a pre-winter sale would open, and he would see people flock to his store, all with money for him.

Ah! He remembered the tale of the talents his father had often read as, dressed for Sunday, they all sat in the parlor. From the safely-guarded talents that had been left him, Toby would pile up a mountain—nickel on nickel!

And the question of what it was for, never once came to his gloating old bachelor heart.

Inspired by his unusual reverie, Toby rose and strode over to check a faucet that was dripping slightly. Then he pushed his bulky self into a long-worn but neat coat and vest; set a derby on his greyish head, and with a reassuring glance at the faucet, went out.

True to form, he was early; he opened promptly on time; he was impersonally kind to his customers, and consciously civil to his three clerks. The throng of shoppers grew steadily.

Just before noon, Toby and his sale were moving at full tilt. Here and there he stalked, lending aid to the efforts of the clerks. He was extolling the merits of a pair of kid gloves and bearing down the remonstrances of the prospective buyer, when his keenly-tuned ears picked up a note that called his creed to battle.

"Here, you! Put that back there." The girl at the 49c odds-and-ends counter snapped the command churlishly.

The milling, churning little crowd about the counter abated slightly, but very slightly. They were all women, and in front of them was a sales counter.

The "you" addressed was a pitiable affair, —a brow-beaten, crushed little face under a shapeless hat that sat on sagging coils of hair; small, bony hands almost hidden by the sleeves of an antique jacket; dull-black button-shoes over which crumbled the uneven edges of a tube-like skirt.

Like a vulture, Toby Barter pounced. He snatched a cheap baby-dress from the nerv-

ous, twitching fingers and grasped the woman by the shoulders.

"Jake!" He hailed a policeman directing the customers at the door.

The appeal of one in trouble broke even the lure of the bargain counter, as women of all descriptions turned to look.

A wail had broken from the woman, and it was a fit mate to the crushed little face.

"Shut up! You haven't a word t'say. Jake, take 'er to the jug. I'll be down in a half hour. Your kind 'd put a man out of business. Thief!"

From among suppressed sobs came a jumble of words.

Someone spoke from the crowd:

"I wish you would let her go, Mr. Barter. The family is poverty-stricken, and she has five small children. If you will, you may give her that dress and put the charge to my account."

"No, Mrs. Kline. Gotta have an example. Have a dozen like her tomorrow if I don't. Might as well be her as. . ."

A greedy pleasure spread over Toby's face as the officer took hold of the unnerved figure.

"Be down in a half hour," he muttered, "I'll—."

A cloud from the odds-and-ends counter smothered the rest. Toby whirled. A roll of linen cracked him on the head. The policeman rushed toward him, but was stopped in his tracks by a huge bolt of burlap tossed forcefully by the strong hand of a young lady whose fathers dug footholds in the glaciers of Norway. A shelf crashed. Half a dozen umbrellas sailed like spears in the general direction of Barter. Smash! A bill-file connected with a plate glass window. The battle-cry of the amazons rang clear in the dull thud and rip of the riot. Barter was submerged in the thickest of it, entirely on the defensive.

The policeman crawled on hands and knees to the edge of the mob; rose and ran to the nearest phone.

"Riot squad;" he bellowed through bleeding lips. "Hurry. Barter's store."

Ten women were extracted from the

crowd by valiant policemen, and forced into the patrol. Among them, it turned out, was the mayor's wife.

Toby Barter moaned over his clawed face, his all but scalped head, and pitiable state of dress. He momentarily collapsed when he dared to survey the ruins of his store. And down the back of his neck, he found the remnants of the little garment that had caused it all.

Too tired to curse, he groaned; too crip-

pled and too ashamed to walk, he extravagantly took a taxi back to his room.

* * *

Two months later, the wooden sign bearing his name fell and split as, perched on a shaky ladder, Toby tried to take it down.

Around the corner of the building a pudgy little face stuck itself and piped in a sing-song:

"Nickel Grab-ber!"

The New Psychology

JOHN J. KELLY, '26

I HAVE been psychoanalyzed. My past has been bared in all its grim reality and my "causations" and "complexes" have been charted and filed away. And I know why I can never keep a resolution whether it be formed on the spur of the moment or with all the solemn ceremonies of the New Year.

I think Chinese vases are the most beautiful things in the world and I love to break them; I'd rather break a Chinese vase, a real, beautiful one, than see the Giants play. I just can't help it. I'm a vase smasher.

The doctor tells me this is a complex and is the key to my mental make-up. He also spoke to his assistant about a mania and I was frightened until he told me he was speaking of the patient whom I had followed.

He said that the greater the love the greater the hate when my complex got in

its work. I loved Chinse vases, therefore I hated them. I loved certain ideals, made resolutions to carry them out, and then in a moment of intense love I slaughtered them with glee. I mentioned that I was not a matricide and he interjected something about conventional restraint or something like that.

I am doomed. I'll have to get a better job or work on the side. I can see myself now sweating at nights over way-bills in the express office after a hard day's work at my usual occupation. Or maybe I'll get a job at the *Times* for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights putting together the sections of the Sunday paper.

I've got to get something for I must buy a pipe every week, and drop coins into fakers' hats, and go to Coney Island on Sunday afternoon and smash every Chinese vase I come across.

LIFE.

Life: a sluggish, drifting stream
Flows on unto the sea,
Where it is but a drop of time,
In eternity.
Our lives: no more than leaking barques,
Tossed high on waves of foam,
Until the calm of death does come,
To see us safely home.

—ARTHUR STENIUS, '28

Informal Formality

RAYMOND H. MULLIGAN, '28

"I HATE this incessant formality, Car. It is a continual infringement of a man's personal freedom. Just because I am the son of William A. Maher, one of the leaders of the higher set in Wakefield, I am condemned to a life of rules, rules, and a few regulations."

"It does seem to hold a fellow down at times, Harry, but I would rather adapt myself to it, than forever be trying to dodge it. It is equally as hard on me, because Carson Vandyne, Senior, has eight figures after his name in Bradstreet's. But I make it serve me instead of serving it."

"Your philosophy is all bunk!" Harry sighed. "Guess I'll go into the smoker and see if a cigarette will relieve my troubles."

"Don't be long, Harry. We are due in East Wakefield in fifteen minutes."

Harry stopped at the end of the car and studied the flying telegraph poles for a few miles, arguing with himself the deplorable condition of modern prescribed forms.

"Couldn't run around with Peggy Barton of the Atrocities; couldn't room with Ed Jones, captain of the boxing team; couldn't get drunk in New York; couldn't this, couldn't that—all because of rules."

He resumed his journey toward the smoker. "I think I'll join the socialists. Everybody for everything. Why the day—" Harry halted his train of thought and progress, to gaze at a girl who was trying to open the window next to which she sat.

"Geemuney! Isn't she pretty. Golden hair, blue eyes—whew! I've got to open that window for her."

Approaching quietly, Harry asked, "May I help you? Those windows are very obstinate at times."

The girl turned and looked up at him with a smile that increased Harry's pulse twenty beats.

"Oh, thank you so much. It's gotten so stuffy in here that I thought I just must have some fresh air."

A quick jerk opened the window. Harry dusted his hands and wiped them in his handkerchief.

"That fresh June breeze feels wonderful. I was going for a smoke but I believe I'll go back and open my own window, so that I, too, can enjoy it."

"It is refreshing, isn't it? It am glad that I haven't much farther to go. It will seem much better when I can get it in larger quantities than comes through a two-foot square opening."

"How far are you—"

Harry was abruptly stopped, jerked off his feet and pulled forcibly along the aisle.

"Come on, handsome"—it was Car speaking—"do you want to ride to the other side of town?"

"Darn you, Car. Didn't you see that I was talking to a girl there? What's the idea of pulling me away without even time to say good-bye?"

"You're always talking to some girl. I'll wager you don't even know her."

Car had succeeded in dragging the bewildered and angry Harry from the train and the conductor was already waving his hand.

"Well even though I didn't, she, at least, was entitled to be treated with some respect. You pulled me away as though she were a leper."

"Why, you would have gone around to West Wakefield if I hadn't dragged you away."

"Rats! Go drown yourself! I'm going home. See you at the masquerade tonight."

"All right, grouch. Look for a Spanish toreador."

That night, Harry, a personification of Captain Kidd, surveyed the ballroom with a disgusted glance.

"A bunch of dubs tonight. They're sickening."

Strolling around the veranda, trying to soothe his nerves, Harry came suddenly

upon a couple, one of whom he immediately recognized.

"A bit previous, aren't you, Car?"

"Hello, Harry," greeted Carson. Turning to his companion, he said, "Miss Muffet, may I present Captain Kidd? You ought to be attracted to each other—the shrinking maid and the fearless pirate."

"Frightened," declared the young lady, and Harry mumbled a much abused sentence, without knowing just what he had said.

He was thinking, "Passing her off on me. She must not be very desirable for Car to do that."

This guess was true, for Carson soon excused himself, leaving the couple alone.

Harry suggested that they dance, believing that he would have a better chance of passing her off on someone else if he were inside.

But when fifth dance and the first intermission were finished and Miss Muffet was still with him, he began to lose hope.

"Eleven-thirty," someone said, as he passed near where Harry and his partner were seated.

"O goodness, Captain, I must be leaving. You will excuse me, won't you? I can't explain just now, but I will if you meet me out on the veranda to-morrow night. I'll be there any half-hour."

Harry assented weakly.

After a restless night, he rose early the next afternoon and went to the club to play tennis.

As he entered the courts, head bent, a ball bounced off his head.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Why, why—it's the champion window-raiser."

Harry, on the verge of an exasperated exclamation, gaped at the offender a moment.

"You? Here? You don't live here, do you?"

"Goodness, you are rapid. No, my name is Mary Hemingway. I am staying with my aunt. Mrs. Scully, just beyond the Vandynes."

"Jiminy, I wish I had known that sooner," exclaimed Harry. "But weren't you at the masquerade last night?"

She hesitated a moment before replying.

"Why—uh, no. Auntie was not feeling well, so I stayed at home with her."

Their conversation touched various topics of little particular interest, save when Mary mentioned the dance that night. Harry—to himself—cursed the rules that implied that he be with Miss Muffet at that dance. He told Mary the facts of his case, but begged her to save some dances for him.

That evening after supper he read until about ten, and, by dressing slowly, managed to prolong his arrival at the club until eleven, where he invaded the ballroom hoping to find Mary. Seeing her dancing with a friend of his, he cut-in and finished the dance with her.

"But I thought you were going to be with someone else," she quizzed, when the music stopped?

"I just arrived and won't have to look for her for a half-hour."

This seemed to satisfy her, for when the music began again, she started off with him as though it were a foregone agreement. Harry succeeded in keeping her away from the stags for two dances, but he was finally intruded upon. His watch indicated twenty-seven minutes past eleven, so dolefully he decided to wait until the dance was over, and then to search out his friend of the night previous.

Shortly after the music ceased, he stepped out on the veranda and walked languidly toward the appointed spot. As he approached it, he could see that the girl was there, her back towards him.

"Hello, Miss Muffet," he greeted.

"Hello, Harry," was the surprising answer he received from the girl, who turned as she spoke.

"Mary! But you. . . What are you doing here?"

"I am Miss Muffet."

"You? Miss Muffet? But no!"

"But yes. My aunt introduced Carson, last night. When I told him where I had seen him before, we planned this conspiracy. He brought me to the masquerade, leaving me with you, both of us being careful not to have you learn any more about me, further than my assumed name."

An Open-Season For Pedestrians

MARS C. DOVEY, '26

THE national government has a new task before it, a duty which it may not ignore: it must take steps to prevent the extinction of the American pedestrian. This is a sacred trust which it owes, not only to the country in general, but to the A.A.A. in particular. The pedestrian is going the way of the American wild pigeon. Time was when these birds darkened the sky in their flight, but that day is past. History repeats itself. Wild game abounded in this country until the reckless hunters had worked their havoc. Then it was found necessary to regulate the activities of these enthusiasts in order that their pleasures might also be enjoyed by future generations. To-day we have the same problem, but it is of an even graver nature; we must preserve that large and more interesting game, the pedestrian.

Auto drivers of the present are guilty of the most serious charge in the handbook of sportsmanship, that of bagging more game than is necessary for the daily thrill. This prodigal wasting of our natural resources must at all cost be prevented. Those of you who know the unmitigated joy of pursuing the quarry down a side street, the evasive twisting and turning, the final thud that marks the end of the chase, and the triumphant return home with the lifeless form draped over the front bumper—could you deny this pleasure to your children? Yet, denied it they will be unless steps are taken to stop this promiscuous killing.

To aid in this benevolent cause I have a simple suggestion which I hope may solve the vexatious problem. The national legislature must pass laws pertaining to the hunting of pedestrians, similar to those which we have to-day for the hunting of other game. These laws should be simple and yet comprehensive. The open season for pedestrians might extend, say from the first of December to the last of January. This would include the Christmas rush and the New Year's festival. And there would

be the additional advantage of having the results of one's prowess for Christmas day. Not that I am advocating cannibalism, far from that, but these specimens might be grouped with charming effect beneath the Christmas tree.

Here are a few of the rules which I think will adequately demonstrate my plan. The pursuit of blind pedestrians would of necessity be prohibited for several years until their number has reached a more comfortable figure. Individuals in wheel chairs would be limited to one the season for each car, as these, too, are becoming scarcer. However, there need be no limit placed on children playing in the streets, as it is desirable to exterminate these as soon as possible. The day's bag of messenger boys, stenographers, clerks and newsboys might be limited to two a day for each driver. Each hunter might also be allowed three shoppers a day and five strollers, as these are so numerous that there is but little fear of them becoming scarce. Fat ladies with bundles, and jay walkers, may also be taken without limit. The pursuit of any individuals riding in baby carriages should be made unlawful, and it might be well to prohibit the bagging of any quarry under twenty eight inches. Drivers who are so foolish as to alight from their cars could be immediately attacked and dispatched. A bounty might also be placed on college youths with fur coats, and on girls with flapping arctics, although the former are usually in the predatory class. A touch of sportsmanship might be added by requiring drivers to give all passengers alighting from street cars a full minute start; this would be nothing short of justice.

There are a few miscellaneous details which might also be added. No hunter should be allowed to use a weapon with a speed greater than that of sixty miles an hour. Camouflage and attack from ambush would also be declared illegal. Neither would it be cricket to employ a nerve-shattering siren for the purpose of paralyzing

the victim. No pedestrian may be pursued farther than the steps of his home, this being considered the boundary line of sanctuary. There would be no ruling for the case of two drivers after the same pedestrian; it would be merely a matter of the better man winning. Special inducements in regard to right-of-ways could be made to country clubs which were planning large hunts. Policemen would serve as game wardens during their official hours, but it seems proper to place them in the open list after their day's work is finished. It would be only necessary for the strict observance of these rules to provide that any driver disobeying them would at once be dismounted and placed in the pedestrian class.

Licenses would be required for each driver and these could be acquired for the nominal fee of ten dollars a season. No hunter would be allowed to use a taxicab, for this, like

the automatic shotgun, gives the pursuer an unfair advantage. Taxi-drivers would of course be ranked as professionals and governed by a separate set of rules. Under this new order the most favorable grounds would be New York, Chicago and the other large cities. The hunters could come in from the cutlying districts for the season. When game became scarce in the cities it would be the duty of the government to see that they were re-stocked from the reservations. These reservations could be situated in such small towns as Niles, Mich., Latrobe, Pa., and the like.

This is but a rough sketch of my plan. It would need to be slightly changed and modified. But with some revision, I may safely venture to assert, it would achieve the desired aim, in that it would prevent the extinction of our national quarry—the pedestrian.

Formal Affairs

CHARLES J. MCCARTHY, '28

THERE is something about the word, "Formal," engraved upon an invitation that immediately puts the occasion into a class of its own; that takes it from the category of "good times," and inscribes it under the heading of "ordeals."

There are some who will cringe and turn white upon receiving a formal invitation. They know they are in for a miserable evening—an evening in which humiliation is to follow humiliation. On the other hand we have that ever-to-be-envied type who can enter upon a formal occasion without a qualm, and leave without a regret.

I well recall the first occasion for my climbing into a Tuxedo. I had had a great laugh when I noted the contents of the invitation—a laugh of derision for the poor creatures who would attend a "stiff neck party." But my laugh had suddenly lost its greatness as I heard my mother say, "Son, you must attend!" I argued and pleaded, but to no avail, for no sooner had my mother

given in to me than my sister took up the fight.

There is something convincing about my sister's suggestions. She has an aptitude for presenting her arguments in such a manner that they muddle one's brain. Wrong or right, they are flawless and perfectly timed. It was not long until she had proved to my mother without a shadow of doubt that I should go to that dance.

I did not know the first thing about dressing for this occasion. Both the shirt, starched until it was as stiff as a board, and the suit which I had hired seemed too large. The suit, though advertised as the latest model, appeared to be rather moldy and green along the edges. The shirt studs insisted upon popping out of their places. Needless to say, my collar was too tight, and when I forced it around my neck my perspiring fingers left marks on its white surface. I noticed that when I bent over the heavily starched shirt bulged out in front.

All these things tended to lower my morale to such a degree that I doubted if I would ever be able to regain it.

After many setbacks I finally completed my dress. I called in the family, hoping to obtain some encouragement from them. They told me that I looked great, which helped somewhat until I caught my father in the act of forcing an oversized laugh up his sleeve. In searching for the cause of his amusement I discovered that my collar had slipped from the rear button, leaving a considerable amount of very red neck open to view. He's a rare humorist, is my Dad.

It was with certain misgivings that I entered the hall which was dedicated to the art of Terpsichore. The chaperones seemed to be glowering at me as if they were aware, as I was, that I should not be there. My luckless companion could plainly see my plight. She had brought her brother to his first formal dance, and in view of this was all sympathy—for herself!

I had a perfectly miserable time. I imagined that everyone was laughing at me. They all seemed to be at their ease and united against any chance of mine to be myself. When refreshments were served a punch glass slipped through my trembling fingers and crashed to the floor. Someone laughed. I felt that I was beaten. I partially recovered from this humiliation and for a few precious moments enjoyed myself.

My companion was introducing me to one of her friends, and, as I bowed, my shirt front popped out. Then I knew that I was beaten. The rest of the evening is rather hazy in my memory. I recall leaving the dance in a very sour mood.

My partner in misery maintained a wonderful silence in the cab on the way home. She was mad. I was a combination of chagrin, anger, and hatred for my sister, who, by putting her oar in, had been the cause of my going to the dance and the loss my self-respect was suffering. During the seemingly long journey to my companion's home, I established a record for crossing and recrossing my legs. I felt very unnecessary. When we reached her abode I bade her good-night, and she bade me—goodbye. I still think she might have spared me that catty dig.

Since then I have attended numerous formal affairs. I have enjoyed some to a certain extent, but always there is that ever-present monster, "Chagrin," waiting to pop down upon me for my least infringement of the "Formal Code."

As time goes on I may get over this self-conscious feeling that at present overpowers me as soon as I don the "black." I earnestly hope I do. But I feel that each formal occasion which I struggle through is similar to a cold which I get rid of, only to run the risk of another one at my least indiscretion.

IN WINTER

Shadows cast by gaunt, bare trees
Weave in and out above the snow,
Patterns and interstices,
Fantastic in their ghostly show.

The wild winds clutch with clammy hands
The blanket from the frozen ground,
And whirl away in moaning bands
As eerie, shrieking cries resound.

—NORMAN STEYSKAL, '27

SPORT NEWS

Frosh Take Interhall Honors

A flashy Freshman Hall relay team sprinted across the line ten yards ahead of Brownson in the annual revival of the interhall indoor championships last Sunday and won major laurels by a 38 1-2 to 38 score.

The race was the culmination of the most feverish competition recorded in interhall annals, in which Brownson, Freshman and Badin fought closely throughout. Badin was third with 21 points while Sophomore finished in a tie with the Day Dogs for fourth with 12 1-2. The others finished in this order: Howard 12; Walsh 4; Rockefeller 2; Carroll 1 1-2. Sorin and Corby failed to place.

Freshman Hall's fiery victory came as a colorful climax to the heated rivalry of the day. For three laps the Brownson and Freshman entries fought neck to neck and on the third lap a slight gain by Freshman gave the baton to Jack Elder, the flying Kentuckian, with a five-yard lead. Elder stretched the lead and finished ten yards ahead of Rourke, Brownson clean-up man.

Jack Elder, whose work on the paths has been of the sensational variety, sped to the greatest triumph of his career when he took three firsts in the 60 yard dash, 220 yard dash and broad jump and ran anchor on the winning relay team. Elder amassed a total of 16 1-4 points during the afternoon's festivities.

The knights of the cinderpath from the palace added even more zest to their remarkable victory when an iron-man team, composed of only five athletes, carried the brunt of the day's work. Despite the fact that they did not score in any of the middle or longer distance events, Father Stack's proteges edged out their close win.

The hall squads came into the finals with five teams closely bunched on the critics' dope sheets. Brownson was favored to annex the victory with Freshman, Sophomore, Badin and the Day Dogs rated as close contenders. The prelims for the race were run a week ago last Sunday.

Throughout the earlier part of the program the lead bobbed back and forth among the leading squads and it was only in the later events that Badin dropped out leaving the race to Brownson and Freshman.

Badin and Freshman got off to a flying start when Lloyd and Griffin took the low hurdles and mile run respectively for the Badinites while Elder and Doan were annexing wins in the 60 yard dash and 60 yard high hurdles. Abbott's easy victory in the quarter mile and Marty Ryan's outdistancing of the field in the two mile event gave Brownson and Sophomore prestige in the earlier part of the meet.

With four events to go Brownson and Freshman were beginning to pull away from the pack. Newbold's victory in the pole vault and Abbott's first in the half mile gave the tented-alley boys a 35 to 29 1-2 margin.

Freshman's retinue saw black with only the high jump and relay to be run. Doan squeezed out a first place tie with Van Mourick, of Walsh, in the jump, and put Freshman in a position to score a victory through the relay. Elder's brilliant work as cleanup man on the relay team sealed the title for the cardboard palace inmates.

Reckless abandon marked the shattering of records and interhall track tradition. Elder's time of 24.6 seconds for the 220 breaks the former record by one-fifth of a second. Viada, of Howard, who won the shot put,

hung up a new record in that event. Newbold's 11 feet leap was two inches better than the old vault mark. Lloyd, winner of the low barriers, and Doan, first in the highs, set records in those events by virtue of their being longer races than have been customary in interhall competition in past years. The Freshman Hall relay team also set a new mark for the half mile relay around a 220 track.

Elder's brilliant work in the four events in which he was entered was the feature of the meet. Elder's 16 1-4 points coupled with Frank Doan's 13 1-4 were the factors which kept Freshman in the race for honors throughout the contest.

Joe Abbott, the crack Brownson middle distance runner was in a large share responsible for that team's showing by his clean-cut wins in the quarter and half mile events. Rourke, of Brownson with 8 1-2 points and Lloyd, of Badin, with 8 points were listed among the high point stars.

Winners of place position in each of the events will get gold, silver and bronze medals while a silken banner will go to the winning team. Full results follow:

60 yard dash—Won by Elder (F); Rourke (Br) second; Kariba (Br) third; Noon (F) fourth. Time :6.4.

60 yard high hurdles—Won by Doan (F); Lloyd (Ba) second; McDonald, (Ba) third; Jones (H) fourth. Time :8.8.

Mile run—Won by Griffin (Ba); Konop (D) second; Brennan (So) third; Vaichulis (Br) fourth. Time 4:47.4.

440 yard dash—Won by Abbott (Br.); Kelly (H) second; Fisher (Ba) third; Connolly (C) fourth. Time :55.

Two mile run—Won by Ryan (So); Brown (Br) second; De Grotte (R) third; Vaichulis (Br) fourth. Time 10:44.1.

60 yard low hudrles—Won by Lloyd (Ba); Doan (F) second; Karibo (Br) third; McDonald (Ba) fourth. Time :8.4.

220 yard dash—Won by Elder (F); Halloran (Br) second; Rourke (Br) third; Fisher (Ba) fourth. Time :24.6.

880 yard run—Won by Abbott (Br); Lopez (D) second; Essroger (H) third; Schleichert (H) fourth. Time 2:09.4.

Shot put—Won by Viada (H) McSweeney (So); McDonald (F) third; Norton (So) fourth. Distance 39 ft. 11 in.

Pole vault—Won by Newbold (Br); Durbin (D) second; Bannon (D) third; McDonald (F) fourth. Height 11 ft.

High jump—Doan (F) and Van Mourick (W) tied for first; Konop (D) and Demetry (C) tied for third. Height 5 ft. 8 in.

Broad jump—Won by Elder (F); Rourke (Br) and McDonald (F) tied for second; Norton (So) and Mooney (Br) tied for fourth. Distance 20 ft., 8 in.

Half mile relay—Won by Freshman (Noon, O'Bryan, Doan, Elder); Brownson second; Badin third; Sophomore fourth. Time 1:39.9.

FROSH SPIKEMEN LOSE

Facing a team that was strong and well balanced in every event, the Notre Dame freshman track outfit found itself able to score only the lesser places during a majority of the program in which they lost to Western State Normal, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, last Wednesday in the Gym. The score was 53 to 33.

The yearlings, who are just getting their first taste of stiff competition, came through with first places in three of the ten events.

The 1929 outfit got off to a good start when Elder copped first in the 60-yard dash and Viada won the shot put, the Western team getting seconds and thirds in each of these events. First and second in both the pole vault and high hurdles gave the Michigan team a lead which was not headed during the entire program.

Four events were run in feature time. Elder sprinted the sixty in 6 1-5 which unofficially ties the record at that distance. Joe Abbott led the pack to the wire in the half-mile grind in the good time of 2 minutes 5 2-5 seconds although Kelly, of the Frosh, chased him to the tape in a gruelling finish.

Fred Morrow and McDougall, of Western States, were the bright stars of the meet. Morrow copped the pole vault at 12 feet three inches and tied for first in the high jump with a 5 feet 8 inch leap. McDougall led the way in both the high and low hurdle races.

This was the only meet of the season for the 1920 outfit, but two or three outdoor engagements, among them a return meet with the Western State outfit, are on the frosh bill for the coming Spring.

PITT BEATS IRISH SWIMMERS

By the relay you shall judge them. That, in substance, is the story of a swimming meet that took place in the Engmann Pool last Saturday afternoon. From the crack of the gun which announced the start of the

feat for the Blue and Gold, but they came back gamely and gave the Pirates a real battle before the race was done.

As usual it was Hugh McCaffery that was the individual satellite of the meet. McCaffery brought in two firsts and a second in



first event until the last echo of the splashing water the swimmers from Notre Dame and Pittsburgh fought on even terms. It was a great exhibition of the art of paddling and there is no discredit attached to Notre Dame because they lost the meet, the first in six starts.

Although the Irish were able to cop only two first places, they had enough reserve strength to counteract the heavy column of wins for Pittsburgh. The final score was 38-31 and to this is attached a tale. For when the only event left on the program was the relay, the score stood 33-31. The Celts were happy in the thoughts of victory until it was discovered that Hugh McCaffery had participated in three events and according to the rules would be forbidden to take part in any more. This practically spelt de-

amassing his thirteen-point addition to the final score. His premier performance of the afternoon came in the fancy diving event when he totaled 101 points to win. His exhibition in this mode of splashing was one of the greatest seen in the Engmann natatorium this season and was the feature of the meet.

The only other first place gathered in the Celtic splashing was accounted for by the inimitable McCaffery when he easily stroked his way to first place in the 220-yard free style.

Four men shared the scoring honors for the University of Pittsburgh aggregation. These were Wright, Nichols, Brodie and Seely. Wright held the high point laurels for Pitt with a total of six points, the result of placing first in the 100-yard free stroke and

third in the fancy diving division. Each of the others boasted of one first place apiece.

Pitt was long on speed but short on the distance events, to use a contradictory expression. The Smoky City lads were out-classed in the 220-yard paddle and fancy diving entries but they more than made up for this deficit in the dash events. In three of the eight events the eastern combine entered but one man, thereby donating the other four tallies to the Blue and Gold splashers, but in spite of this generosity were able to count enough firsts to win the meet.

The swimming was not by far the fastest seen here. No startling clockings were announced but the meet on the whole was a very interesting affair. The water of the pool was a bit too warm for records and this was taken as one of the reasons for the relative sloth of the navies' showings.

Summary:

160-yard relay—Pittsburg (Steele, Seely, London, Wright). Time, 1:22 2-10.

100-yard breast stroke — Brodie (Pittsburgh), Rhodes, McKiernan (Notre Dame). Time, 1:17 1-10.

220-yard free stroke—McCaffery, Hudson (Notre Dame), Butts (Pittsburgh). Time, 2:42 4-10.

40-yard free syle — Seely, Steele, (Pittsburgh), Bryckeznski (Notre Dame). Time, :21 2-10.

100-yard back stroke—Nicholas (Pittsburgh), McKiernan and McLaughlin (Notre Dame). Time, 1:18 2-10.

100-yard free stroke—Wright (Pittsburgh), McCaffery (Notre Dame), London (Pittsburgh). Time, :58 9-10.

Fancy diving—McCaffery, Brennan (Nore Dame), Wright (Pittsburgh).

Medley relay — Pittsburgh (Nichols, Brodie, Steele). Time, 3:40 2-10.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

Having done a little more than their share in lowering the colors of the Big Ten institutions in the hardwood department, the Irish are now preparing to demonstrate to them a few propositions relative to a small, hard sphere cutting ellipses and describing curves at various rates of speed. Northwestern, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Purdue will cross bats with the Walsh and Keogan proteges this season.

The twenty-seven game schedule mapped

out is one of the most strenuous ever faced by Notre Dame. The season will get under way on April 1 when the Celtic Conclave will try to put over a fooler on Kentucky Normal at Bowling Green. Nine other tussles will follow in quick succession before the Blue and Gold recross the Mason and Dixon line to resume operations in home territory. The initial home game of the season will take place on April 14 with Bradley Tech.

The team will be in the best shape ever for the southern jaunt as a regulation inner garden has been marked off in the Gym and the candidates are going after the double plays with a v. and v. that looks good to the Blue and Gold dopesters. Even though March's outdoor program has called forth the skies instead of the bats and balls, Coach George Keogan has a good line on his men.

Reassuring to campus fans is the announcement that Big Ed. Walsh will entrain with the team on its southern excursion. Walsh will have his battery charges in the pink of condition for the opening tests. A lot of reserve and hurling strength will be called for in completing the hard schedule before the team.

The schedule:

April 1—Western Kentucky Normal at Bowling Green, Ky.

April 2 and 3—Georgia Tech at Atlanta.

April 5 and 6—Georgia at Athens.

April 7 and 8—Mercer at Macon, Ga.

April 9 and 10—Fort Benning at Fort Benning, Ga.

April 14—Bradley Poly at South Bend.

April 17—Hope at South Bend.

April 21—Michigan State at South Bend.

April 24—St. Viator's at South Bend.

April 28—Northwestern at South Bend.

May 1—Purdue at South Bend.

May 8—Wisconsin at Madison.

May 14—Illinois at Urbana.

May 15—Iowa at South Bend.

May 21—Iowa State at Ames.

May 22—Iowa at Iowa City.

May 25—Georgia at South Bend.

May 28—Northwestern at Evanston, Ill.

May 31—Wisconsin at South Bend.

June 5—Michigan State at Lansing.

June 7—Minnesota at South Bend.

June 12—Michigan State at South Bend.

MINIMS COMPLETE CAGE SEASON

Although few students realize the fact, the St. Edwards' minims' quintet has been stepping out during the season just finished, as their ten triumphs in thirteen starts will testify.

Coached by, and under the protecting wing of their idol, Jimmy Stack, these embryonic varsity cagers have met some of the strongest junior teams of their size around these parts with signal success and the trio of reverses they experienced were suffered at the hands of older and more experienced opponents. Their biggest setback occurred when the little quintet journeyed to Michigan City for an engagement with the St. Mary's aggregation of that place, and returned with the short end of a 30-26 count. Those who saw the game were more than impressed with the gallant and courageous fight the youngsters put up against their rivals, matching them point for point, only to lose out in a last minute rally by their opponents.

The other feature clashes of the season

were the trio of games with the St. Joseph's Juniors in South Bend. Dropping the first game of this series the Notre Dame youngsters staged a remarkable comeback in capturing the next setto by a decisive margin, and took the third engagement from their rivals to capture the series. The minims then did not stop their winning ways until they had taken into camp the St. Patrick's, St. Matthew's, Washington, Linden, and a few other teams also to show the other junior teams in South Bend who was who, and what was what in junior circles.

Tow-headed Jimmy O'Brien, a sturdy little chap from the Windy City, was the main cog in their well-oiled machine. In addition to being captain and the best performer on the team he was also the season's high-point scorer. A wonderful shot and a clever dribbler, he was a regular demon on the offense and a bulwark of strength on the defense. His side-kick, Ralph Schulte, proved an adept and capable running-mate for his clever captain, and Charlie Picard, the lanky center, more than held down his pivot job in fine shape.

Basketball may be as strange to Nicaragua, where Billy and Larry Crampton hail from, as bull-fighting is to the United States, but if one were to see these two youngsters in action he would be apt to think that the former sport is THE sport down that way, so commendably did they fill their positions as first string guards on the team. Small and wiry, they were, however, two of the scrappiest pair of players ever to don a minim suit.

The substitutes also come in for a word of praise, and it would be a difficult proposition indeed if one could find a more willing bunch; than Frank Ruskowitz, Ed Hollyman and Rene Fransen, forwards, Bill Brown, center, and "Cowboy" Griffen, Ed Foley, Ray Picquet, Andy Titus and Alex Grewe, guards.

Last but not least comes Coach Jimmy, who by his cheerful manner and smiling help endeared himself to all the young charges under his care and aided them invaluablely in their numerous victories, and consoled them in their few defeats.

A second champion team!

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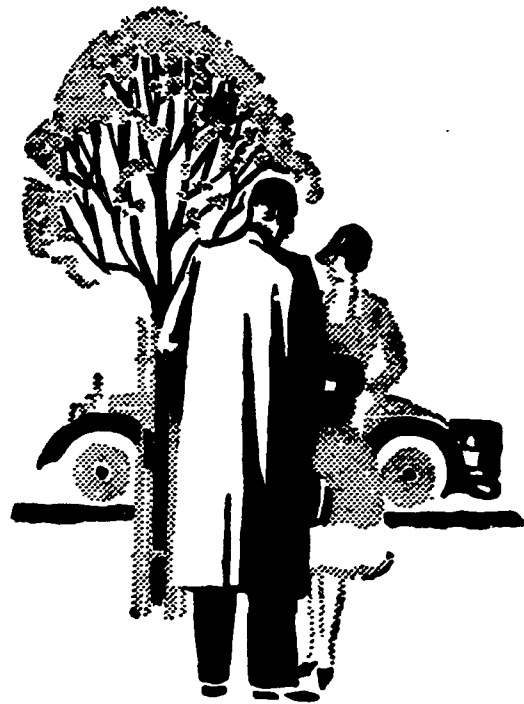
NEWS-TIMES

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1001 Lyons Hall,
March 19, 1926.

Mr. Ed. Walsh,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Ed:

The other day I was half asleep and after ambling around a bit ended up in the Gym. I didn't slumber very long, however, for after I was in the Gym about seven seconds I saw that you had the baseball boys out and they were hurling balls, gloves and invective around, the enclosure so recklessly that I could see that heads were at a premium.

Anyhow I'm glad to see that the Irish are taking to their baseball so well and with this 27-game assignment they should have

added plenty of fame by the time sheepskin day rolls around.

Judge Landis says that baseball is a great game because it's played out in the open but the way your boys are flinging them around inside the Gym it seems that the game is losing its biggest point. By the time you get outside they should be hitting on all six.

Doc Keogan tells me that none of the boys are going home for Easter but that you and he are going to take them on a little training party down south. That's a good way to work the kinks out and when they get back twisted axles and nomadic knees shouldn't be on the menu at all.

I see that Bud Boeringer is edging farther into the limelight with his baseball proclivities. That boy surely does take to football and hockey and now it looks as if baseball were his specialty. His fondness for Piper Heitzig or Pinch Hit, or whatever it is, marks him already as a natural ball-player.

And say, Ed, you used to set the Yanks and the A's and the Tigers on their various ears in faultless fashion, and you surely should know how battles are won from the turret. I hope that Elmer Besten and that strapping son of yours learn some of your tricks so we can depend upon them to serve the apple up in winning array.

I'm only hoping that Notre Dame doesn't finish anywhere near to where Brooklyn, New York Americans or either of the Boston entries are doped to wind up. Huggins' crew should have their place cinched by June 15 unless Muskogee joins the league and gives them a race for eighth. With that band of patriarchs that Wilbert Robinson is going to work with, Brooklyn will probably wind up in an old soldiers' home. And you know yourself what kind of boys Boston has. I hope that the Irish don't even associate with such demoralizing clubs.

Only one warning, Ed, before I take leave. The Western Conference had a great little fourway race in basketball and it was darn lucky for them that they didn't have a certain Irish team to make things uninteresting. However, with six conference teams on the bill the baseball boys shouldn't have

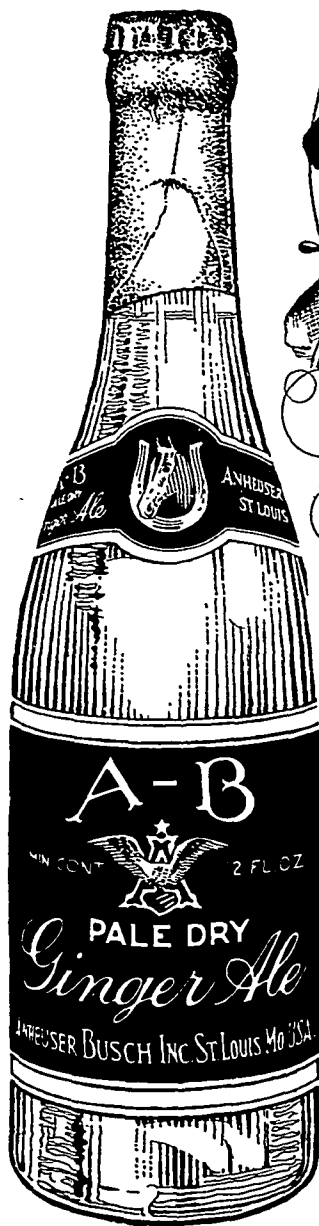
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any trouble in fixing up a nice little parcel. With this little admonishment, I bid you goodby.

Yours for baseball,
TOM CAMPUS.

P. S. This year's crop of Indiana umpires is reputed to be as bad as the Indiana weather. With the united help of 2500 husky voices and the Indianapolis Pop Bottle Exchange this threat should be easily outnumbered, however.

SWIMMERS WIN: 54 TO 6

Jerry Rhodes' water demons finished their season in sensational style Wednesday evening as they paddled to a 54-6 victory over Armour Tech. By way of celebrating St. Patrick's day the Irish took every first and second place in the entire meet. The invaders' six third places were largely due to the fact that Notre Dame could enter but two men in each event.

The Celts re-acted on the tank records like a new waiter on a pile of china. The first of these clockings to be shattered was that of 2:32.4 in the 220-yard free style. McCaffery clipped this to 2:29.2. The mark in the 300-yard medley was set at 3:38 even by McKiernan, Rhodes and McCaffery.

The Irish were out for vengeance and the thought of their reversal dished out by Pitt, rather than any crowding by Armour incited, them to faster time. Not once did the opposition even threaten to nose out a Blue and Gold splasher and things were going the way Captain Rhodes' men wished throughout the performance.

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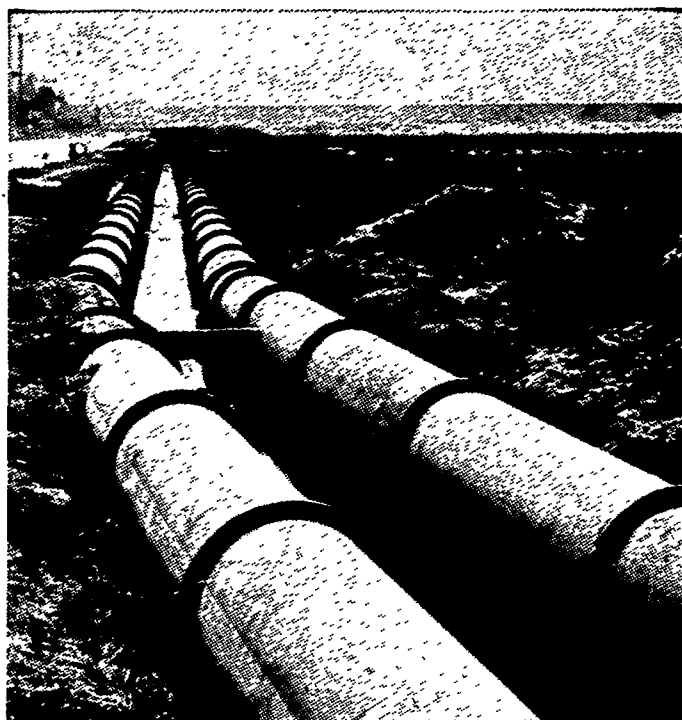
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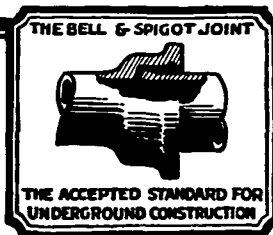
THIS picture, taken in the salt marshes near Kearny, N. J., shows two lines of 30-inch Cast Iron Pipe replacing pipe made of other material. The alternate exposure to the action of salt water and air is a severe test.

While the pipe shown in the picture is subjected to unusual corrosive influences, all underground pipe must be able to withstand corrosion to a greater or less degree. Cast Iron Pipe has this quality. It does not depend on its coating to resist rust; the material itself is rust-resisting. The first Cast Iron Pipe ever laid is in service today at Versailles, France, after two hundred and sixty years' service.

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*No Charge for a Second Cup of
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Notre Dame's "Victory Team" will be banqueted at Clarke's hall Sunday evening. Members of the team that made such a sensational showing in corralling the Western Championship for the season just passed, the coaching staff and members of the press will be represented. This banquet marks the turning point in the history of the cage sport at Notre Dame as this is the first time in many years that a net squad has been so honored.

Next year's pilot for the team will be selected by the monogram members at the close of the banquet.

SPRING FOOTBALL DELAYED

Due to the lion-like proclivities of the month of March, the men who deal in corners in pigskin during the fall have been unable to begin real spring practice in earnest. As soon as the weather permits the moleskin crew will move out and again the spank of the punter's toe against the oval will ring out. At present the football aspirants are working out in the Gym. It was expected that weather would permit the "all up" to be heard sometime last Monday but those prognostications did not take into consideration the weather man. But whenever the old Sol decides to wipe out the ermine carpet and let Spring start its act, the clatter of cleats through the gym door will become part of the day's program.

Wherever there is a will there are relatives.—H.A.

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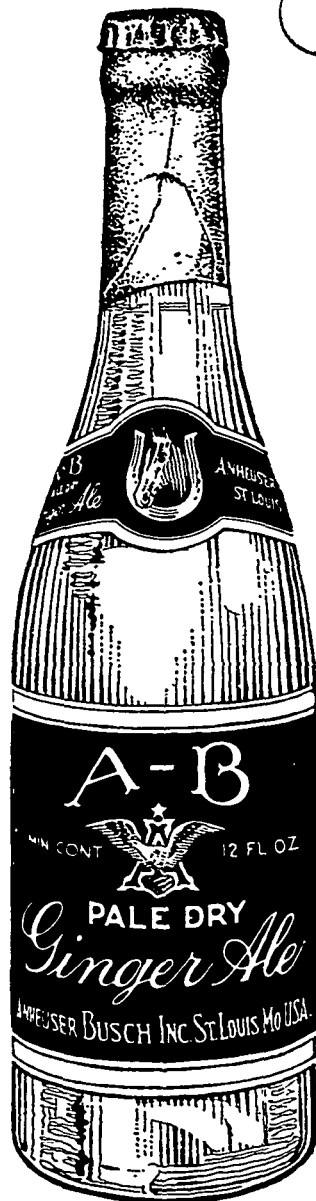


When the baseball nine wore whiskers, and "Mob the Umpire" was the national college yell, Anheuser-Busch was nationally known among good fellows.

And now, when we laugh if we win and grin if we lose, and umpires need no bodyguards,

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